

A WOMAN'S STORY.

CHAPTER IX.
DAISY'S DIARY IN MILAN.

Luciano was very gay and dim when we had it good-bye yesterday morning, the last day of November; but when we had climbed nearer the snow-peaks the sun shone out over the beautiful white world above us and the dark lake below, and the rest of the journey to the mouth of the great tunnel was like a journey in fairy-land. What could be more exquisite than to go winding upward and upward into the great heart of the mountain, and to look down on village roofs, and winding streams, and bridges, and rocky gorges, and vineyards, and gardens, and church towers, even so far below the wonderful iron road that was taking us toward the sky. I felt so sorry when that part of our journey was over; and though I longed to find out what Italy was like, I felt very sad as I sat at the snug round table in the little station, the last Swiss station, and sipped a farewell cup of coffee with mother and Uncle Ambrose.

It was a disappointment after leaving sunshine and blue skies above the Swiss snow-peaks to find Italy gray and rainy, with just that incessant drizzling rain which one has known from one's childhood as the mark of a hopeless wet day, and which has been poetically called a Scotch mist. Of all the things I had thought to meet with in Italy a Scotch mist was the last; but there it was, and nothing would have reconciled me to the grayness and the rain except the red cotton umbrellas, which were delightful, and which made me feel I was in Italy.

Next to the red umbrella, as an Italian institution, came the baracca, the verandah made by vines trained over cane or wire, leafy arched ways I saw in every garden, and in front of the humblest houses—sometimes on the tops of the houses, sometimes forming a loggia on the upper story. The vine leaves were turning yellow and red with the touch of autumn, but they were still green enough for beauty. The bell-tower in every village church was another sign that we were in Italy; and then by and by we came upon the great dark blue lake lying in the bosom of mist-wreathed hills, and mother and I agreed that for the bell-towers, the *baraccas*, and the red umbrellas of the peasantry, we might have fancied we were in the Trossachs.

And so, as Mr. Peips says, to Milan, where we strolled into a great metropolitan looking terminus, and saw Cyril waiting for us on the platform in the glare of the electric light.

He had grown tired of the north, and had written to his father to propose joining us on our journey to Venice, and with this intention he had made his way to Milan, amusing himself here and there as he came, exploring old nooks and out-of-the-way spots.

He was looking in high health and very happy, I thought, as he stood smiling at us in the electric light. "Well, my modest flower," addressing me in his usual grand manner, after he had shaken hands with mother and Uncle Ambrose, "welcome to the ancient kingdom of Lombardy. I wonder if you are as disappointed as I was before you were before your foot had ever touched the soil. I'm afraid upon such an evening as this you'll find Milan uncommonly like Glasgow."

He took us to a fine roomy landau which he had engaged for us, and we left the man and the mule to look after the luggage, and drove off to the Hotel de la Ville, in a narrow, busy-looking street that might have been Fleet Street or the Strand for anything distinctive that I could see in it, and that gave a rainy atmosphere. Yes, there was one similarity over Fleet Street in spite of the rain and the mud, and that was the electric light, which filled all the city of Milan with its silvery radiance, so that the night was like unto the day.

The head-waiter at the hotel told us that there had been three weeks' rain, and that afterward that this fertile plain of Lombardy, which I am told is very lovely in spring, owes its chief beauty to the damp and cloudy winter climate.

At any rate I was in Italy, and the very idea was full of delight. I kept telling myself that this was Italy, and trying to cheat myself into brief forgetfulness of the dreary story on which my mind had been fixed ever since that night at Lucerne, from which I am distinctly glad to have escaped. I was to be only here for a few days, and I had resolved to confide all my troubles to Cyril, to whom I could talk freely.

Oh! what a painful effort it had cost me to keep my feelings hidden from my dear mother, with whom I am sure I had shared every thought and every fancy. In spite of my endeavor to seem happy and untroubled, she discovered that there was something wrong, and I had to pretend that young lady-like ailments, neuritis, from which I am distinctly glad to have escaped, never interfered. I was conscious, struck at the thought of my own falsehood when I saw mother's anxiety. She almost insisted upon calling in a doctor, so I had to reassure her by a prompt recovery. I told her the pain was quite due to the climate, and that I had rather a depressing effect upon my spirits. This accounted for my talking very little, instead of talking almost incessantly; and this accounted for my exhibiting no concern at the dreary, thinking, all through that long railroad journey.

I have always liked Cyril, but I never felt as glad to see him as I felt that night at Milan. He seemed so much to like a man who knew the world, and a man to whom I could express myself freely, without any fear of incurring an uncomplimentary word, as I had done in the case of Uncle Ambrose. So after dinner I asked Cyril if he would take me for a walk, and show me the outside of the cathedral; and which request he assented very good-naturedly, only bargaining for a cigarette in the hall before we started. We had dined in the sitting room on the first floor, and we all went down to the gay-looking vestibule after dinner, and took our coffee at a little table, in a corner where we could look on at the people coming in and going out.

Was mother having a fit? Had she forgotten the deal? These were two questions which I could not refrain from asking myself as I sat by her side that evening, our first evening in Italy. She looked on as young and so beautiful that night in her calm, reposeful attitude, as she sat slowly fanning herself and idly watching the shifting groups in the spacious vestibule. Her brown brocade gown, with its subtle color and bordering, made her look like an old picture. The aristocratic-looking head, with its crown of dark auburn hair, rose out of the deep soft fur like a lily out of a cluster of leaves. Her clear eyes seemed to have caught in their starry darkness, she looked perfectly calm and happy; and as she sat by her side, the thought could make a wife happy her happiness was well founded. Such gentle deference, such chivalrous affection must be very rare in the history of human women, if I may judge by the stories of domestic misery that I have heard, and by the few married couples I have known.

There is the dear old doctor, for instance, a delightful being for all the world outside the rectory, but a pestilence to his wife, and I was ever so much more ambitious, ever so much more willing to work than I have been since he came into his fortune. I'm afraid I was a selfish young beggar in those days; but I felt the shock of your father's death very deeply, in spite of my egotism. I was mentally stunned by the blow which came into my life then. I'm afraid I was a selfish young beggar in those days; but I felt the shock of your father's death very deeply, in spite of my egotism. I was mentally stunned by the blow which came into my life then.

There is Dr. Tyson, always grumbling about his dinner, and waiting to have the cook discharged instantly if a joint is not roasted to a turn. Then there is Dr. Talbot, a man in whom society delights, but who is always irritable or out of spirits at home; whose sudden appearance in the drawing-room casts a cloud over his family, and seems palpably to chill the atmosphere.

No, in my brief experience I never saw the perfect and ideal husband whom we occasionally meet in a novel, till I saw my mother's husband, Uncle Ambrose, though he is not a bit like Rochester, though he has Rochester's commanding intellect. He is more like a spiritualized John Halifax; and I who have known him all my life know that his placid temper is no honeycomb, and that he is not a bit of a hypocrite. I have known him all my life know that he is the most delightful companion, a man always pleasant with every intellectual movement of the tongue, a man rich in resources, keenly interested in art and science, as well as in everything.

There never was a son like him in father's time. He is as much unlike in temperament as he is in action. Uncle Ambrose is all thought, Cyril is all action. He is like my own dear father in his energy and movement, as full of life and activity as if there were quicksilver in his veins. He is eager for knowledge; but he loves best the knowledge that comes to him from the lips of men; the knowledge that can be gained amid the life and movement of the big busy world. Cyril is not in the least like any body's ideal. He would never serve as a model for the hero of a novel.

Yet in spite of the absence of the poetic element, Cyril is very nice, and one can not help liking him. He sings delightfully. He is always gay and bright; although he feels to have exhausted every pleasure. He is the most unacquisitive man I ever met with—always wanting to know everything about everything.

He is generally considered good looking, indeed some people insist upon calling him handsome. He has grey eyes in which light sparkles as in diamonds when he is amused at anything. He has curly brown hair—hair which curls obstinately, however closely it is cropped, very pretty hair, hair which suggests the poetical temperament, a suggestion which Cyril certainly does not realize. He has a sharp, inquisitive nose; he calls mine tip-tilted, and I am sure his has the same upward inclination—but it is a very nice nose all the same, and it has no affinity to the snub or the pug. His hair and eyes, with moderately sized shoulders, a quick, active movement, and he is certainly very severe upon other people.

I took his arm, and we went out into the drizzling rain. There were a great many shops open, late as it was, and they looked lovely; but my mind was too full of serious things for me to be easily distracted. I said: "I am glad to hear it. When a young lady is an heiress, and something of a teacher-head into the bargain, one is easily alarmed."

"You have no right to call me a feather-head, when your father, one of the cleverest men in Europe, has educated me," I said, indignantly.

"My dearest child, book-learning is not wisdom; and a grain of common sense and worldly knowledge is sometimes more useful than a pound of book knowledge. I know that you are far in advance of the average girl in your acquaintance with European literature. I know that you have read more than most college dons, and that you are an excellent linguist, and altogether deeply, darkly, beautifully blue. But all the same, you have not learned the alphabet of the world in which you live. All that kind of knowledge has yet to come."

"It is a hateful kind of knowledge," I said, angrily.

"My child, you can't get on without it," he answered, with a superior air. "We were in the great open place in front of the cathedral by this time, and I stood breathless with wonder, looking up at that matchless building. I have been told that the exterior, which looked so lovely in the bright white light, against a background of dull gray, is overthrown in decoration, that those innumerable statues of saints and martyrs, angels and archangels, priests and prophets, are a waste of power; but to my uneducated eye, there was not a touch of the ornate that seemed superfluous. It was a niche or pinnacle that did not seem a necessary part of the vast scheme of splendor."

I told Cyril what I thought, as we walked slowly up the steps, surveying the mighty church from different points of view; and then we crossed the square, and he took me through the lofty, bright-looking arcade, and then into a quieter part of the city, beyond the great loggia, toward Leonardo's statue. Here the houses were large and palatial, and there were no more shops, and very few people walking about. "Now, Daisy, in this confusion of yours, which is not about love," he said, kindly.

"I want you to tell me all you know and all you think about my father's murderer," I said.

"Nobody has told me," I heard two men talking about my mother and her first husband.

"And their talk revealed the secret that had been kept from you so carefully. Hard luck!"

"I am glad I know. It was hateful to be kept in the dark—loving my father as I did."

"Dear child, what good can it do you to know?"

"This good—that I can look forward to the day when his murderer will be discovered and punished."

"I'm afraid that day will never come, Daisy. A parent that failed seven years ago is not likely to succeed hereafter. Your mother offered first five hundred, and then a thousand pounds reward for the conviction of the murderer, and some of the desperate brains in London were engaged in the attempt to find him. They failed miserably; and I take it there is only one chance of his being brought to book."

"And that is—?"

"He has been arrested for some new crime. The cool deliberation with which the deed was done, the quiet way in which the man got off and disposed of his plunder, argues the professional murderer. He may commit more murders in the course of his professional career, and sooner or later his work may be climactically done, or his luck may change—and then, perhaps, when the rope is round his neck, he may confess himself the murderer of your father."

"Tell me all you know about the man—and his crime."

"My dear child, I know very little," he said. "Seven years ago I was at Winchester, a careless young scoundrel, thinking more of cricket and football, and of my chances of a scholarship, than of my father, although I think you must know that I loved my mother and my father next in the world to my own father, and the dear old granddaddy in Radnorshire. Seven years ago my father was a poor man,

and I was ever so much more ambitious, ever so much more willing to work than I have been since he came into his fortune. I'm afraid I was a selfish young beggar in those days; but I felt the shock of your father's death very deeply, in spite of my egotism. I was mentally stunned by the blow which came into my life then. I'm afraid I was a selfish young beggar in those days; but I felt the shock of your father's death very deeply, in spite of my egotism. I was mentally stunned by the blow which came into my life then.

And then he argued with me as my step-father had argued. He tried to make me think that the history of my father's death was a history to forget. He said almost the same words that Uncle Ambrose had used at Lucerne when my heart was bursting with grief and indignation. Nothing that either could say had any power to alter my feelings.

Cyril and I walked for a long time through those narrow streets of tall stone houses, with great sculptured doorways, and here and there the glimpse of a garden seen dimly through a vaulted arch. I shall never think of the city of Milan as long as I live without thinking of my father's death, or without recalling the dreary sense of helplessness that came upon me last night as I walked by Cyril's side and heard his sophistical arguments in favor of oblivion.

Tomorrow we go to Verona—city of many memories; and after a day or two devoted to medieval architecture, we go on to Venice, the dream-city.

Uncle Ambrose has given half a dozen books about the City of the Doges to read at my leisure, and he is always ready with his own store-house of information, which seems to me to hold more than all the memories equal to Lord Macaulay's, I very believe.

CHAPTER X.
DAISY'S DIARY IN VENICE.

Charles Dickens' unfading artistic imagination was never truer when he described this city as a dream. It is a dream—a dream in marble and precious stones and gold—a dream lying on the bosom of the blue, bright sea—a dream of shadowy streets, where every glimpse of garden, seen above a leafy wall, which once was splendid, has a look of fairy-land. Oh! those little bits of greenery, an orange-tree, an alder or two, how they tell where all the chief beauty of the place lies in marble! Uncle Ambrose said that once because I screamed with delight at the vision of a hollyhock-orange-tree where the sun-dappled branches seemed strangely and waving branches seemed strangely and beautiful amid that wonder-world of stone.

We stayed for a week at Daniela's, and now we are in an apartment of our own, on the first floor of a palace which is next door but one to Desdemona's house—the house in which she was born, and where, I suppose, and from which she fled with her tawny warrior. She was about my age, I believe, but much simpler and more confident than I am. I don't think I could ever fall in love with a handsome girl for telling long stories about his lights and his travels, unless he were a fairly presentable complexion. Poor little Desdemona! I gaze up at her windows every day from my gondola, and wonder which was her nursery, and which was her schoolroom, and whether her mother was a more agreeable person than her father. I wonder by the way, what kind of father Shakespeare had. Judging by old legends, he was a pedagogue, and a stern disciplinarian. I should conclude that the poor, stammering, glover, or butcher of Stratford-on-Avon was not the most indulgent or amiable of parents. The Shakespearean idea of paternal government is not alluring.

We have been nearly four days in Venice, and have seen the city under many and widely different aspects. We have had days and weeks of almost sun-bright brightness; we have had intervals of wind and rain, and a gloomy, wintry gloom. We have visited every nook and corner of the city, have seen every picture and every shrine, have read and reread, and in some instances understood, our books. We have explored the neighborhood of the Rialto, and the great square, and the Armenian convent by heart; and Cyril has reproached me with having established what he calls a system of flit-rage with the dearest old monk in the world.

How full this region is of memories of Byron, and how precious an index to a poet can exercise over the minds of men when he has been lying half a century in his grave! We think and talk of Byron at every turn. In the Doge's Palace, on the Bridge of Sighs, and in the quietest of the old streets, where he used to take his morning stroll, on the staircase, where Marino Faliero's noble head is flung down the blood-stained marble, to testify for all time to the ingratitude of nations; in the convent where he spent his last days, and where he was buried in Armenian language—everywhere one finds the traces of his footsteps or the shadows which his giant is clothed with beauty.

Mother is growing tired of Venice—no, that is impossible. Nobody could ever weary of a place so full of loveliness—a place where every glimpse of garden, seen above a leafy wall, which once was splendid, has a look of fairy-land. Oh! those little bits of greenery, an orange-tree, an alder or two, how they tell where all the chief beauty of the place lies in marble! Uncle Ambrose said that once because I screamed with delight at the vision of a hollyhock-orange-tree where the sun-dappled branches seemed strangely and waving branches seemed strangely and beautiful amid that wonder-world of stone.

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whole, though it seemed sometimes in my dream to be a fact known to me. I can see that Uncle Ambrose is perplexed and uneasy about my mother, and he too seems to have become indifferent to Titian and Paul Veronese.

The being so, I am thrown upon Cyril for society in my rambles and explorations, and he and I go roaming about these delicious waters in our gondola—our own gondola, built on purpose for us, and to be sent to England after our return. How surprised and gratified we are to find that we will be to see in this mysterious looking boat with its swan-like prow and black curtains—a boat which seems to have been designed on purpose for mystery and romance.

My good old Berkshire nurse and maid goes everywhere with me, as a kind of duenna, and exists in a perpetual state of wonder. I doubt if she is altogether awakened in the loveliness of Venice; and indeed she told me the other day that she could not think of a city which had not one broad street in it. Milan, she admitted, was a fine town, but Verona she considered "a hole," and she considered Venice decidedly inferior to Henley.

Like the Rialto bridge, Mrs. Puss, she said, "because there's a lot of life there with the shops and the people, and I like the shops in St. Mark's Square, though I should like them better if the shopkeepers didn't stand at their doors and tout for customers, which is an annoyance when one wants to look at things in peace and hasn't no thought of buying anything. But even that isn't up to the Palladium in Paris."

"It will be seen, therefore, that Broomfield's tastes are essentially poetic. Poor soul! she is so patient and so good-tempered, in going about with me to churches and old out-of-the-way corners that haven't the faintest interest for her. She stands smiling blandly at the pictures and statues, while Cyril and I are deep in our Harlequin or Kipling, perusing every detail."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TRAMPED BY ELEPHANTS.

A Tragic Episode of a Centennial Fete in the City of Munich.

On the occasion of the famous centennial fete at Munich in 1888 Carl Hagenbeck had with him a large number of his "pets," and on the day of the grand procession was marching in it with eight elephants, walking two and two. All went well until the elephants came to a point where some one had been allowed to set up an enormous sheet iron dragon, hideously painted, which at that moment emitted a wild, brazen shriek, and began to belch forth flames and sparks.

The four leading elephants took fright and ran away heading through the procession and along the crowded street. In vain Mr. Hagenbeck called to them. The yells of the dragon drowned his voice. The elephants, too, were trumpeting almost as loudly as the steam dragon itself; and the outcry of all combined was immediately swallowed up by the still greater uproar of the multitude, as the panic spread right and left.

"I never ran in my life," says Mr. Hagenbeck, "I ran then after those elephants; for the four in the rear had also taken alarm, and were dash after their comrades. I was more agile then than at present, and ran like a bound through and through the crowd, over numbers of the good people."

I actually caught up with the runaway elephants as they loughed through the throng. The two foremost were chained together, and running in between them they forged ahead. I caught hold of the chain and shouted to each by name, ordering them to stop. It was useless. They were too panic-stricken to heed me. In vain I entreated and commanded them. On they ran, trumpeting shrilly.

At every instant I was in the utmost danger of being trodden on or crushed to death between them as they swept on their mad career. Still I kept hold of the chain, talking to them, for I knew that it was a very serious matter, and that many persons had been injured already.

"For a mile or more we rushed on, my breath was nearly exhausted. At length, at a turn of the street, I contrived to halt them in front of the walls of a house against which I was nearly crushed and held them for a moment, and then I gave the command to stop. They were too panic-stricken to heed me. In vain I entreated and commanded them. On they ran, trumpeting shrilly.

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PURELY CANADIAN NEWS.

INTERESTING ITEMS ABOUT OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Gathered from Various Points From the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Dutton has a Tennyson Club. Woodbridge has a night school. Sandridge is to have a creamery. London has a night school for girls. Sarnia has a "Unique Pleasure Club." Bread is four cents a loaf in Strathroy. Winnipeg has a Law Students' Society. Owen Sound is to have a bicycle factory. Paris wants a meat market at its station. Muskoka is overrun with hunting parties.

Squirrels are unusually plentiful this season. Tavistock has a new grist mill in operation. Whoooping cough is prevalent around Viner. Ontario tanners will increase the price of leather. The Allendale Methodist church is being repaired. Brock's monument at Queenston has been repaired.

Paris is to have a mineral bottling establishment. Watford has a character known as Mush-room Joe. A Galt man had a tea-party hedge in bloom this month. Thieves are operating among the Thoms and Island cottages.

Galt Baptists have called Rev. C. C. McLaughlin, of Sarnia. John Cummings, aged 80, recently died in the Brantford jail. Southam, Ont., has an Inter-Imperial Trade Association. Mrs. Thomas Anderson, a pioneer, of Strathroy, is dead.

Burglars are committing depredations in all parts of Ontario. A Perth country farmer has 40 potatoes which make a bushel. The formal opening of the Sault has been postponed until spring. The Salvation Army is building a Workmen's Hotel in London.

Voices are said to be numerous in all parts of the back country. Six Orillia men took eighty salmon, near Strawberry Island, last week. Lieut. Col. Spence is now in command of the Durham Rifles, Brantford.

Brantford has a female dentist and will have an open rink this winter. The Local Government will finish the new court house at Portage la Prairie. A new restaurant is being built at Allendale on the site of the old station. There were 79 vehicles at the funeral of Robert Jones, Mitchell, last week.

Geo. F. Rogers has been appointed science master at the Orillia High school. The Orillia Bicycle Club will hold a series of athletic contests during the winter. The ministers of Parkhill and vicinity have formed a Ministerial Association.

The Bain Wagon Works, of Brantford and Woodstock, have been amalgamated. Centenary church, Hamilton, has raised \$15,000 for a new Sunday school building. The Berlin Court of Revision has reduced appellant farmers' assessments \$7 an acre. Rev. J. E. Lancelotti has been elected president of the Barrie Ministerial Association.

Mr. J. W. Harris has been elected president of the Brantford Young Men's Liberal Club. Sixteen miles of the T. H. and B. railway between St. Thomas and Brantford have been sublet. The clergymen and undertakers of Godrich have all agreed to protest against Sunday funerals.

Mr. Alexander Gault, one of the best known and most highly esteemed citizens of London, is dead. MacWherrell is at stone breaking, apparently happy, and expects to be released within two years.

The total gate receipts of Woodbridge fair this year amounted to \$1,400, a little in excess of those of last year. There is an increase in property assessment of Brantford of about \$2,000 as compared with that of last year.

Mr. Jas. Milligan, of Victoria Harbour, has fallen heir to a legacy of \$100,000, the death of an uncle in Ireland. George Foster, one of Metcalfe's oldest and most respected citizens, died at the ripe old age of 87 years and five months.

James Keating, of Clifton, recently shot an albatross bird, a species of crane, and one rare on the American continent. The first direct shipment of deal from Barry Sound to Scotland was shipped from Barry's mill to Aberdeen last week.

It has been decided to abandon the idea of holding a winter carnival in Montreal, but to have instead

WIND DIRECTION AND VELOCITY.			
	6 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.
Wednesday,	SE 22	SE 33	SE 20
Thursday,	W 12	W 18	SW 6
Friday,	S 1	calm	NW 1
Saturday,	calm	W 12	SW 8
Sunday,	S 5	SW 10	SW 9
Monday,	SW 14	SW 10	S 8
Tuesday,	W 10	SW 12	SW 15

—The curling rink opened Tuesday night.

—Mr. Jas. Scott left for Battleford Tuesday.

—Mr. J. Scott, wife and two children, returned home from Paulton Sunday.

Brandon, Calgary, Carberry, Edmonton, Glenboro, Grenfell, Harniss, Indian Head, Lethbridge, Macleod, Melton, Morden, Moose Jaw, Neepawa, Regina, Winnipeg, Yorkton.

BAITING

tion at that place. Her diary reveals the fact that she took her life because she was ruined by John R. Fenton, her faithless lover, who is a miller. He acknowledged her betrayal. Since then he has been

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically

and to me directed against the lands of George Cole, I have seized and taken into Execution the following lands, namely:—
The Southwest Quarter of Section Two (2) in Township Seventeen (17), in Range Eleven (11), West of the Second (2nd) Meridian, in the Northwest Territory which I shall expose for sale on Saturday

CAME on to the premiere of the unla-
squeled, on or about the first of Novem-
ber, a Red and White Yrangling STEER,
no visitor brand. The owner will please prove
property, pay expenses and take it away.
THOMAS MEDLEY
Sec. 24, Pgs. 17, R. 14, W. 2nd.
7-14

Christmas advertising.
